SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 12. SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION,

(Including Postage, )

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# IN A NUTSHELL!

A RECORD NEVER APPROACHED. URING 1888 THE WORLD HAS PRINTED and sold ten copies for every family in the United States—Two copies for nearly every

osn, woman and child. THE total estimated circulation of all the 1,423 daily papers in the United States is only fourteen times that of THE WORLD.

HE total weight of all THE WORLDS printed during the past year exceeds Seventeen Million Pounds, and would have required a freight train five miles long to transport them

ONE single day's issue of THE WORLD, with the columns placed end to end, would have made a band around the equator. In book form it would have made more volumes than in any library on earth.

THE past year had only 31, 622, 400 seconds. but it had over 104, 473, 650 WORLDS, ornearly four WORLDS for every second in the year.

What Other Newspaper Printed HALF AS MANY capies During 1888 and What Are the Exact Figures ?

### LITTLE FARRAGUT'S DEATH.

THE BRIEF CAREER OF A VERY YOUNG MEMBER OF THE GRAND ARMY.

He Was Born on Last Memorial Day and Was at Once Elected a Member of Farragut Post-Ilis Funeral Took Place To-Day, the Post's Commander Conducting Services-Just Seven Months and Eleven Days Old.

WORTMANN. -G. A. R.: WILHELM OTTO PARRAGUT WORTHANN was born at 7.51 A. M., on Decoration Day, at 1537 let ave. Hurrah for Farragut! HEN-BT WORTMANN, Post 75. [June 2, 1888.] DIED.

WORTMANN.-At 1537 1st ave., FARRAGUT WORT-MANN, honorary member of Farragut Post, No. 75.

G. A. R., aged 7 months 11 days. LJan. 12, 1880.1 Farragut Wortmann, who was the youngest

member of the Grand Army of the Republic,

was laid to rest in Woodlawn Cemetery this afternoon. There was no military pomp, only Commander Robert S. Heilferty and a few mem-

bers of Farragut Post, No. 75, being in attendance at the funeral. But there was deep and sincere grief among

the stalwart men who had passed through many a fiery ordeal in the trying times of the war of the rebellion. Last Memorial Day Comrade Henry Wort.

Last Memorial Day Comrade Henry Wortrham, of 1537 First avenue, was late in reporting for the great parade, and when Commander Heilferty asked the cause he blushingly replied that a boy had been born to
him during the morning.

"Call him Farragut and we will forgive
you," replied his chief. And the babe was
christened Wilhelm Otto Farragut.

At next meeting of Farragut Post. No. 75,
the youthful Farragut was elected to honorary membership, and a neatly engrossed certificate to that effect now hangs on the wall
of Henry Wortmann's home.

Farragut was made the recipient of num-

Farragut was made the recipient of num-erous gifts of drums, toy guns and other martial things, which were stowed away to await his arrival at the age of noise.

Now they will go to his older brother Henry, for the little veteran has succumbed to attacks of measles and inflammation of the

It was a sweet, round face that was seen

It was a sweet, round face that was seen through the glass lid of the casket to-day; whiter than the lace triamings, except that the lips were that deep, deep red, which indicated the disease from which the little sufferer had died after three weeks illness.

Farragut Post met last evening, and with tearful eyes and sad faces decided unantmously to attend little Farragut's funeral in a body. But the father put in an appearance and on behalf of his siricken wife asked that the action be rescinded.

This was done but the halo be except that the action be rescinded. that the action be rescinded.

This was done, but the baby veteran was buried like a veteran, Commander Heilferty

conducting the ceremony, while comrades stood about with bared heads and went. On the casket plate was inscribed simply.

FARRAGUT WORTMANN, Died Jan. 11, 1889, Aged 7 months, 11 days.

Such is the brief history of the youngest member of Farragut Post.

To Discuss the Single Tax. Louis F. Post will address the Manhattan Single Tax Club at 8 St. Mark's place, on the ques tion of the "Single Tax," Sunday, Jan. 13, After the speaker has finished a full discussion of the subject will take place.

Feet for Kelso's Shoes

Prominent among the candidates for Collector of City Revenue, the position made vacant by the death of James J. Kelso, is William F. Grote, of the Twelfth Assembly District. Ex-County Clerk Patrick Keeman is his backer.

## A BILL OF FUNNY FARE. BLOOD IN BAKER'S BASIN. THE AXE IS STILL RAISED.

TID-BITS OF HUMOR AND ENTREES OF SHED IN THE HOT FAMILY FEUD OF THE NO HEADS LIKELY TO DROP BEFORE THE ARTISTIC FUN. PIDCOCKS AND CLOWARDS.

ter's togs for "The Lorgaire;" but, by ginger I want you to understand this is th' last straw! an I'm goin' to kick!!

[From the Burlington Free Press, ]

Unable to Kick

daughter, did you ?

[From the Yorkers Statesman,

A Desperate Resolve.

ever do. You can go hang yourself if you Scapegrace Son (wildly)-Never! I'll marry

A Waste of Money.

A New York man recently paid \$25 for an al-

1 From the Boston Transcript.

The Retort Courteous

[From the Cartoon.]

Mrs. Mulligan-Yez may say what yez loikes

about me daughter Mary Ann goin' on the stage.

wid short skirts on, Mrs. Pinney, Oi know where

my hasband spinds his nights.

Mrs. Finney—Yez may know, Mrs. Mulligan,
but ye'd be ashamed to tell.

The Best Thing to Do

[From the Pittsburg Chronicle.]

"What are you doing with that big stock of

skates this kind of weather?" asked a Pitts-

burger of a hardware dealer.

That's what's worrying me. The weather prophets said it would be a cold Winter.

I'll tell you what you can do with them."

The Reason Why.

| From the Curtons. |

About the bar I wait, oh! bitter fate,
And watch the laden schooners passing by,
The while, with happy mice and looks elate,
The owners gaze with ever-kindling eye.
Oh, helpless misery! no friend I see,
And still I linger. Do you question "Why
I wait because no one's invited me.
I've not a nickel—and I'm awful dry.

A Victim of the Almanac.

[From the Yanker Blade.]
O patent medicine almanac!

stage of consumption

The Holiday Spirit.

I Fram Life

Benevolent Gentleman-Well, sonny, what

Boy -I'd say you waz a brick an' there ain't no

would you say if I gave you this half-dollar?

I was a towering giant

"Let them slide."

A War Almost as Flerce as That of the Result of Mrs. Langtry's Scheme of Dress-Hatfield-McCoys - The Families In-trenched on Either Side of the Raritan ing Ushers in Appropriate Costumes. Canal-Young Cleward's Beld Sortie-Squire Abbott Takes a Hand.

> ISPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD. TRENTON, N. J., Jan. 12. - Baker's Basin a village four miles above here, is now the scene of a family fend which threatens to rival in bitterness the fierce fights in West

> Virginia's backwoods, The rival clans at Baker's Basin are the Pidcocks and Clowards, and they have been at war for years. The Pidcocks are intrenched in the general store of the village, and the Clowards are the bridge-tenders on the Delaware and Raritan Canal, which creeps through the place. The families reside on opposite sides of the stream.

One of the Clowards, a youth of seventeen fought a battle on the wharf with John Pid-Usher (to Manager)-I've wore kilts for "Maccock about three weeks ago, the weapons beth," red tights for "Faust," an' a bog-trotused being shovels, and after domg each other considerable damage, the combatants withdrew, and a state of masterly inactivity was then maintained on either side of the

The truce was broken again on Wednesday when Cloward invaded the enemy's territory, and, posting himself in a strong position in Mrs. Parvenu-They say that Miss Debut is a beautiful amateur bareback gider. She never Mrs. Bloodgood—Yes, and she is a beautiful bareback walker, too. Did you see her costume at the ball, last night? front of the Pidcock store, offered battle. The elder Fideock store, offered battle.

The elder Fideock began the attack with an axe handle, striking Cloward a severe blow across the forehead, and giving a corduroy appearance to the Cloward physiognomy.

Assailant and assailed clinched, and after a severe engagement both withdrew from the field, each having lost his own and captured Crimsonbeak-So you eloped with the Colonel's the enemy's hat, and each claiming the vic-Bacon—Yes.
Did he raise any objection?
Well, you know the Colonel lost a leg in the war, so that it is impossible for him to kick. Early Thursday morning Pidcock formed

himself into a common in front of the store, his right resting on the tow-path, with the captured Cloward hat on his head and two feathers plucked from the tail of his favorite pigeon stuck in his hat as emplems of vicorg.

He marched triumphantly through the illage whistling " Hail to the Chief," while Stern Father-It is useless, sir, to ask me for any more help. I have done all for you I shall

village whistling '

village whisting "Hall to the Chief," while his loyal followers rejoiced at the discomfiture of the foe.

Galled by this insolent display, Cloward procured the finest planes the turkey-roost could afford, placed them in the crown of the Pideock hat, and with his spoils of the fight of the day before, boddy crossed the causal and confronted the exultant Pideocks.

High world followed and then below and manac 275 years old. It was a foolish waste of High words followed, and then blows and money. He might have got into a nigger min-strel entertainment for half a dollar, and some of the jokes would ante-date his expensive alma-nac two or three hundred years. finally the Clowards took refuge in flight. Pidcock and his lieutenants followed to the Cloward homestead, battered down the door, and forced a regular battle.

and forced a regular battle.

Inner doors were wrenched from their hangings, window glasses were shattered, and great havoe was wrought while the battle waged. Fideock's party finally retreated. This ended the latest battle, and great excitement orevails in the neighborhood.

If half the threats that are made on either side were to be put in execution. Samuson's side were to be put in execution, Sampson's destruction of the Philistines would be tame compared to the slaughter that will make the streets of Baker's Basin reek with blood. Cloward to-day made complaint before Squire Abbott against all the Pedcocks, and all the latter, in turn, against Cloward, and the Squire bound the whole lot over for trial,

VESUVIUS BEATS THE WORLD.

Attaining Nearly Twenty-two Knots an Hour on Her Final Trip. ISPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.

Chinese Wedding Presents. From the Norristown Herald 1 The young Emperor of China, who is soon to PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 12.—The third official e married, will be presented with one principal trip of the new United States dynamite wife, five subordinates and seventy-five concucruiser Vesuvius was made over the new nes on the day of his marriage. Some person Government course at the Delaware Break. may think that such wedding presents are preferable to the silver butter and pickle di water yesterday. oons, castors, napkin rings, &c., displayed wedding occasions in this country, but you n't always tell. The bride might object to The trial was the most successful of the

three. The vessel attained a rate of 21.64 knots an hour, while the contract calls for but 29 knots. This places the Vesuvius in but 29 knots. This places the vesuvius in the front rank, having shown the fastest speed of any steamship affoat.

The Examining Board officially notified the Cramps that the length of the course was 2.54 knots, and that the vessel would have to cover the course in 7m, 37 1.5s, in order to come up to the requirements of the contract.

In making the first run over the course she ran under a steam pressure of 165 pounds. In making the first run over the course she ran under a steam pressure of 165 pounds, while the mean average of the serew was 2.79.

The making the first run over the course she her life, but the doctors say she will recover. She wrote this letter, which was found in her room at 214 West Fiftieth street:

With a wealth of health and a vim of limb.
To ills and pills defiant!
But now I have the phthisic.
And take every kind of physic.
Have a touch of sharp bronchitis.
And a raging tonshitis.
And I feel thy awful twinges, cerebro-spinal meningitis. Success, 21,64 knots, Cowles. Upon its receipt the Secretary of the Navy sent the following:

O patent medicine almanae!
I read thy fearful pages
With tears and feare and groans and moans
And shakes and aches of ages!
And now I have the vertige
And tumbling in the dirt I go:
Have a general blood corruption.
Loss of vigor, lack of gumption.
And I feel that I am travelling down the last
stage of consumption. Washington, Jan. 11, 1889. William Cramp & Son, Philadelphia
Leongratulate you mean the result of the trial
of the Vesuvius. Considering the size and class
of vessel and weights carried, you can justly
claim to have surpassed all records heretofore
made.
W. C. Whittief.

The news of the achievement reached the of woman's surrage, eity shortly after noon.
On the way up the river the flag-bedecked cruiser was saluted on every hand by the screeching whistles of the puffy little tugs, and the more sonorous notes of the big

steamers.
In speaking of the cruiser's performance last night William Buell, the Washington representative, said: "The result of this trial restores the supremacy of American ship-builders over the world. This is the

ship-builders over the world. This is the first time that America has beaten the world since the building of the Merrimac in 1856. This is the fastest run ever made by a steamship under any flag over a five-knot course as a mean average of two runs.

"The fastest vessels in the would prior to the building of the Vesnvius were the Queen liegent, built for the Spanish Government by the Thompsons on the Clyde, and she had but a one-knot course to go over and then only a one-knot course to go over, and then only made her contract speed after seven official triats."
Lieut. Cowles will make his official report
to Secretary Whitney to-day.

Dr. McGlynn on the McGuire Case. Dr. McGlynn will lecture to-morrow evening

MIDDLE OF NEXT WEEK.

The Victims Take Matters Philosophically and Console Themselves With the Fact That March 4 is Not Very Far Off-The Immediate Investigation Story Appears to Be an Error-There's Nothing Definite Yet.

The arrival of the official headsman at the Appraiser's stores in Laight street has apparently been postponed until next week, and the unfortunates over whose heads the threatening axe has been metaphorically hanging for the past two days have been given a short breathing spell.

Most of them seem to take the matter philosophically, and the Republicans, who are supposed to have slim chances just at present, are comforted by the thought that the 4th of March is not far off, so far as their | If Bige once saw it 'peared like's if a cyclone hed Democratic brethren are concerned.

It was stated this morning that an investigation, conducted by Temporary Appraiser Stearns, assisted by Col. Jewell, Chief Treasury Agent, who had been ordered from Agents representing New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati and other large cities, would begin to day at the Laight street stores, and that each division of the Appraiser's office would be taken up in

This appears to be an error, for Mr. Stearns said this morning that nothing definite in regard to a formal investigation had yet been decided upon, and that he had no knowledge decided upon, and that he had no knowledge of Col. Jewell's movements or intentions. He also denied all knowledge of the re-ported intention of Secretary Fairchild to be in New York to-day to assist at the opening

the investigation. He had received no communications, offi cial or otherwise, from the Secretary since he had assumed charge of the New York office, and was simply conducting the office in the ordinary way, and surveying the field. Investigations might or might not be made

According to one account published this norning a very important consultation took blace yesterday between Collector Magone, Mr. Stearns and Special Agent Tichenor, during which the campaign was all laid out, and Col. Tichenor was reported as saying that the Appraiser's office was 'rotten from gar-ret to cellar," and that "the Department is terming with rottenness and there is no tell-ing what startling developments the future investigation will bring to light." Both the Collector and Appraiser separately

denied that the meeting was anything more than a social call, in which the Boston gen-tleman presented his respects to his superior, and nothing whatever was said about an in-

Col. Tichenor happened to be in the Col-lector's office at the time and was introduced to Mr. Stearns. He said this morning that he had not even seen a reporter yesterday, and that the statements attributed to him were without any foundation whatever.

He had come from the West on special business, and had nothing whatever to do with

the Appraiser's office.

Collector Magone said he did not expect
Secretary Fairebild in town till next week,
when he would come here on special matters connected with the Custom-House and not the Laight street stores.

Col. Jewell might be here next week, but

he was quite sure that he had not been ordered to report in this city.

The reports, however, have increased the feeling of dread and uncertainty at the Pub lic Stores, where the force is more or less de moralized by the rumors affect.

It is said that the upset is due to a series of investigations which has been going on at the Custom-House during the past eight

months.

Mr. McMullen visited his old office this morning, looking very much broken up by his troubles, but would have nothing to say for publication.

MYRA WILL LIVE.

She Tried to Kill Herself Because Her Hosband Had Left Her.

Myra Boorhen, only twenty years of age, lies at Roosevelt Hospital with a pistol wound in her left breast. She fired the pistol herself, meaning to end

while the mean average of the screw was 2.79. The run was made in 6m, 39a., or 58a, better than the contract time, attaining a speed of \$22.35 knots per hour. The return run was made in 7m, 30a, against a strong wind and tide, attaining a rate of 20,35 knots, making the mean average for both runs 21.64 knots. Inimediately after the trial Lieut Cowles Linguistic and the contract time, attaining a speed of New Jersey, has desterted me. I am almost without means. I cannot bear this disgrace. This is the revolver you mention, I will be through with it soon, and hope you will receive the trough with it soon, and hope you will receive the trial Lieut Cowles through with it soon, and hope you will forgive me for this rash act.

I forgive all, as I hope all will forgive me for this rash act.

P. S.—Do not tell my mother, because it will the trees 'nd sky began to whirl around.

"Give up Clarindy now?" asked Sile, as soon as he could speak.

I shook my head, and that was all, ye see I couldn't squeak,

Fur Sile had shut my breath off so I hadn't none to spare

Boorhen drives a street-sprinkler. He was married to Myra only two months ago, and vesterday morning he left the house, saying he would never return.

## WORLDLINGS.

Gen. Lew Wallace's venerable mother, Mrs. Zarelda Wallace, has been speaking before large and enthusiastic audiences in Arkansas in favor of woman's suffrage.

The first railroad successfully operated in this country was constructed in 1828, and extended | Though I was choked simost tu death I snickered from Baltimore to a point called Elliott's Mills,

Gen. Teran, the Mexican soldier who recently visited Washington, is the intimate friend and probable successor of Diaz, the Mexican President. He is a large-framed, keen-eyed man,

with a strong face. very near being a Chicago man, as his father and grandfather lived in the Windy City at the A minnit's silence, then a splash. Now, strantime the Indians roamed about. His grandfather was at one time commandant of Fort But it's ther truth; old Bige hed struck him Dearborn.

He Raised Race Money. Charles Votkosky, of 173 East Eighty-third street, was brought to the Tombs Police Court this morning charged with stealing \$553 worth of neckties from Kalunis & Levy, of 553 Broad way. When asked why he had committed the thefts he said he wanted money for the races. He was remanded for examination.

before the Auti-Poverty Society at Cooper Union of "The McGaire Burial Case,"

A BARE, sure cure for coughs and colds. Adamson's Botanic Balsam, Kinsman, 25th st. and 4th ave. "."

GREAT WAR SYNDICATE,

THE FIGHT IN THE WILDERNESS.

(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.) I hain't no gret of a master hand a' talkin' about myself.

But sin' I've sorter got played out and laid up on With age and rheumatiz and sich, I've pondered more or less

About that scrimmage o' mine I hed down that in the wilderness. It's a track o' woods and briers, with plenty o' rocks around.

The lonesomest place on the face of airth that I hev ever found. But right in the middle's a clearin', say an acre.

purty place, with its grass 'nd pond, in the heart o' the Wilderness. We kep' a drove o' sheep in thar, an' Bige, our

cross old ram. Was Grand Mogul, an' strutted roun' beliggerent and kam. But let a livin' thing appear around that but the

He'd butt a woodchuck or an ox, or anythin' between:

He was the strongest butter I think I've ever Washington for the purpose, and Special It didn't somehow seem tu make no dif' tu him He'd go for anythin' but sheep like a woolly can

non-ball.

was a young man and in luv with Ann Clerindy Clark An' sufferin' from the same complaint was big young Silas Park. Clerindy kinder flirted 'round an' kep' us on a

string. Till we both got so jealous that we'd du mos anything.



"I HEARD A BLAT 'ND FELT A SHOCK."

One day says I tu Sile, says I, "This thing's gone fur enough: you don't keep away from thar I'll use yer mighty rough. Says he, "If I ketch yer aroun' Clerindy any

I'll whale yer like a sack, likewise I'll kick ye out o' door. " "Yer will!" says I. "Well, now, look here, yer

hain't no cause tu shout, I'll meet yer in ther clearin' an' we'll jest hev this If yer licks me Clarindy's your'n, and vicy vere

'All right," says he, "tu-morrer morn' at 'zactly half-past nine." was on hand 'nd so was he; we was well

matched in size. 'Nd you could tell we wan't in fun by lookin' in our eyes. We pulled our caps and jackets off and threw 'en

on the ground, Then full o' grit and purty mad we stood 'up fur the round. Thar wa'nt much science in our style; 'twas give

'nd take all through. . both of us see stars enough to fill the heav'nly blue. I got a crack at Sile at last and caught him of

the ear. It lifted him from off the groun' about six inches clear.

Just then I stepped back in a hole and tumbled 'Nd Sile was on me quicker'n scat, so mad his face was black.

He hed me by the throat before I'd hardly struck the ground.

Fur talkin', and I just allowed I'd die right then

and thar. Just then I looked behind Sile's back, an' thar, upon a rise. I saw old Bije a-standin', with the devil in his

I see him drop his head down low an' stick his tail up straight. An' then I knew that all I had to du was just tu

wnit. then an' thar, An' prayed the Lord tu let old Bige just hit him

squar an' fair; I shut my eyes 'nd let Sile hev his way about a minnit, Because I knew the fight was mine, 'nd Bige

would help me win it. The eccentric London artist, Whistler, came I heard a blat 'nd felt a shock; I heard a yell

> ger, ye may smile, solid, square 'nd fair, 'Nd knocked him twenty-seven feet straight

for ard through the air. He landed head fust in ther pond, 'nd when he struck fur shore

tuk a pole 'nd shoved him back 'nd down he went once more. Says I: "Who takes Clerindy, Sile?" He gasped 'nd looked at me,

'I ain't a goin' tu drown fur her; I guess she's yourn," says he.

Well, stranger, jest tu cut it short, I got her; MR. TOM O'BRIEN OBJECTS.

An' we've hed nigh on fifty year o' active married 'Happy?" ye ask. Well, off 'nd on, Clerindy's

Same's all this Clarks, likewise, she's purty tolla ble high strung.



'I'VE SEEN THE TIME, 'TWIXT YOU AND ME.' 've seen the time, 'twixt you 'nd me, when somethin' 'd riled her gall, sorter felt that Sile 'd got ther best 'o me

'Nd kinder regretted that Bige was 'round thet day, I must confess,

'Nd felt that livin' was ruther was than death in the wilderness,

WILLIAM EDWARD ENNEY.

STUBEORN FIRE IN BROOKLYN.

Bossett's Rolling Mills Gutted-Fireman Holmes Hurt. A destructive fire occurred early this morning in Bossett's Rolling mills, 67 to 83 Middle-

ton street, Williamsburg. The fire was discovered in the drying-room bout 2 a. M., and when the firemen reached

here the whole structure was a mass of flames.

For nearly four hours they fought the flames and were finally successful. Bossett places his loss at \$30,000 on the building and \$20,000 on stock and machinery. Nearly two hundred men will be thrown out of employ-

William Holmes, a fireman of Engine No. 13, was kicked in the stomach by one of the horses attached to his engine, and was severely in inred.

Mrs. Ormand Suffers from a Woman's Reckless Charge of Theft.

Mrs. Jennie Ormond, a respectable voung woman, was to-day placed in a very embarrassing position in consequence of an excitable woman's accusations.

She was riding in a Putnam avenue car when Mrs. Ellen Tennessy, of 576 Washington avenue, another passenger, missing her pocketbook, accused Mrs. Ormond of steal-

ing it.

The car was stopped and an officer called to arrest Mrs. Ormond. She was taken to Justice Walsh's court and was about to be arraigned when word came that the pocketbook was found on the car floor. Mrs. Ormond was accordingly discharged.

Brooklyn News in Brief. William Gray, of So Adelande street, a clerk in Oliver Johnston's grocery store at Flatbush avenue and Nevins street, was caught stealing by his employer, and pleaded guilty in court to-day.

Thomas McCormack, of 1459 Dean street, is under arrest on suspicion of being the insti-gator of a dog fight supposed to have taken place in a vacant lot on Troy avenue and Bergen street Wednesday night.

A two-week-old male infant was found abandoned in the hallway of 176 West street this morning. Another infant about one day old was found lying on the stoop of 270 Frank-lin street. Both were turned over to the city nurse.

Frederic Weisman, of 641 Broadway, was this frederic weisman, of 041 Broadway, was this morning arrrested on a warrant issued by Jus-tice Nacher charging him with enticing four-teen-year-old Elizabeth Specht, of 648 Broad-way, into a cellar at 171 Boerum street, on Dec. 10, and committing an assault upon her.

A Brenking-Up of the Quinns Bridget Quinn, of 244 Cherry street, was omplainant against her husband, John Quinn, at Essex Market to-day. She exhibited a leather strap and a broom-handle to Justice O'Reilley.

and her daughters lock the door at hight and allow me to walk the streets."

John's appearance was against him and the Justice gave him three mouths.

hope you may continue to do so, as no doubt they are greatly appreciated. They are stories of the present day, and many a youth

Hawthorne, north of this city, was entered by

left in the depot for shipment was taken. A Pleasant Time for the Alpines. The second annual reception of the Alpine Social Club, held at "The Lenox," in East Seventy-second street, was a pleasant affair, and brought out a large gathering. There were fourteen numbers on the order of dancing.

Among the Workers.

The Central Labor Union meets to-morrow afternoon, when the bribery charges will come up for a further airing. The lockout in Iba's factory in Stanton street, will probably be settled by a Committee of the Furniture Workers' Section.

The New York District of the United Order of American Carpenters has ordered a new election of officers for Lodge No. 1, to be held Jan. 21, the one held Jan. 7 having been declared illegal. The Furniture-Workers' Section has asked the Central Labor Union to refrain from appointing any more committees for unions who object to defraying the expenses of the same.

The Theatrical Progressive Union has been instructed by the Bailding Trades Section to reinstate, pending an investigation, Samuel Graham, a stage carpenter at Harrigan's Theatre, who was expelled from that body.

At the meeting of the Building Trades Section last night the Secretary was instructed to write to the heirs of the Palmer estate and inform them that non-union men, with the exception of stage carpenters, were employed in the construction of the Union Square Theatre, which is said to be contrary to their wishes.

THERE'S NO CHANCE IN THIS TOWN FOR A SQUARE SPORT, HE SAYS.

Detective McMullen Points Him Out as a Gambler in Public, and Then He Is Arrested Because McMullen Was Knocked Down by a Friend of His-Discharged at Jefferson Market.

Mr. Tom O'Brien lounged out of the White Elephant, on Broadway, and stopped for an instant under the electric light, wondering whether he would turn his steps up or down town. It was only 8 o'clock, The game at Daly's has not begun at that time.

Mr. Tom O'Brien has no use for the smal games, so he wondered what he should do un til midnight, by which time the big games are in full blast He was attired in evening dress, wore a

heavy satin-lined overcoat, an English Derby of the latest style, and lazily puffed a fragrant Havana. While he stood musing as to what he should do, a party of big, well-dressed men passed, two or three of whom nodded to him. Then

some one in the party, evidently from the

country, asked : " Who is that?" "Oh, that's Tom O'Brien, the gambler,"

was the answer in a loud tone, which reached the sport's cars. His black eyes flashed. His white face grew paler. The white even teeth came together with a click under the black mustache.

gether with a click under the black mustache, and he stepped out briskly after the party that had just swept by.

A few quick steps and he was in the midst of them. Then he grabbed the biggest one there by the arm and swung him around until they stood face to face. Then he said, speaking slowly and distinctly:

"My good fellow, let me give you some good advice. No matter what our business is we can always be gentlemen. I have always tried to be so. Now don't you think it is rather small to point me out every time you see me and say, 'that is Tom O'Brien, the gambler.'

"Your name, I believe, is McMullen,

"Your name, I believe, is McMullen, William McMullen, if I am informed aright. William McMullen, if I am informed aright. You are the detective at the Hotel Brunswick, and yet although I know all this I don't feel bound to impart the information to each and everybody who may be with me when I meet you. Now, I have given this advice gratis. Take it or leave it as you will, but don't point me out again."

McMullen doubled his fists, but a glance in the determined face of the man before him caused him to alter his mind. He laughed uneasily. O'Brien sneered back and walked coolly away. McMullen and his friends went

Mr. Tom O'Brien went into Palmer's Thea and occupied a front seat with a friend in the orchestra. It bored him and he left after the first act.

first act.

Later in the evening, at Twenty-eighth street and Sixth avenue, they met McMullen and his crowd again. They blockaded the sidewalk. Mr. Tom O'Brien is not used to going out of his way for anybody. He jostled his way through the crowd. His friend Lumley followed him. They were nearly through when McMullen made some remark.

Quick as a flash Lumley, more hot-headed than O'Brien, turned and punched him in the nose. The detective fell in a heap on the sidewalk. The two sports continued on their way unmolested.

Later, coming out of Daly's big winners,

their way unmolested.

Later, coming out of Daly's big winners,
O'Brien, who had really done nothing at all,
was arrested, on McMullen's complaint. He
slept as comfortably in a cell in Capt.
Reilly's station-house as he would have done
at home, and walked as unconcernedly into
Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday
morning as if he were going to church.

"What has the man done?" asked Justice
Duffy.

He had done nothing. Nothing could be charged against him and he was discharged, He is still wondering what he was arrested

for. "It really seems as if a square sport had no chance at all in this town," he remarked to a friend. "I guess I will go back to Chicago or Denver."

LIKES THE STORIES.

A Word of Compliment from a Very Interested Render.

To the Editor of The Evening World. leather strap and a bloomal state of the complete of the compl Being a constant reader of your valuable Burglars Sack a Railroad Depot.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

PATERSON, N. J., Jan. 12.—The Erie depot at Hawthorne, north of this city, was entered by burglars during the night after the station agent locked the doors, and a quantity of silks left in the depot for shipment, was taken to the depot for shipment, was taken to the cess await you, and may you hand may a youth may learn a lesson from some of them. I am patiently waiting for Monday's copy to put in an appearance, as you are to publish a story which I hope may be of longer duration, as one gets interested, and then it comes to an end, however good. May success await you, and may youth may learn a lesson from some of them. I am patiently waiting for Monday's copy to put in an appearance, as you are to publish a story which I hope may be of longer duration, as one gets interested, and then it comes to an end, however good. May success await you, and may a youth may learn a lesson from some of them. I am patiently waiting for Monday's copy to put in an appearance, as you are to publish a story which I hope may be of longer duration, as one gets interested, and then it comes to an end, however good. May success await you, and may a youth may learn a lesson from some of them. I am patiently waiting for Monday's copy to put in an appearance, as you are to publish a story which I hope may be of longer duration.

An Aged Guest Lost from the Astor House. An old gentleman who was stopping at the Astor House with a friend named U. E. Beach hecame separated from the latter while they were riding in a Broadway car yesterday, and nothing has been heard from him at the Astor House. The clerk there did not know at noon to-day that he had been reported missing.

Rheumatism

According to recent investigations is caused by excess of lactic acid in the blood. This acid attacks the fibroutissues, particularly in the joints, and causes the loos manifestations of the disease, pains and aches in the back and shoulders, and in the joints at the knees ankles, hips and wrists. Thousands of people have found in Hood's Sarsaparilla a positive and permanent cure for rheamatism. This medicine, by its purifying and vitalizing action, neutralizes the audity of the blood, and strengthens the whole body. "I was laid up for six months with rheamatism, and one of my neighbors told me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla

When I had used half a bottle I felt better, and after taking two bottles I think I was entirely cured, as I have not had an attack of rhoumatism since." EUGERE H. DIXON, Rossville, Staten Island, N. Y. Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. \$1 ; six for \$5. Prepared 0. C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

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By Frank R. Stockton, Author of "The Lady or the Tiger?" &c., &c.,

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A WAR

BRITAIN.